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LINDEN BARK

Volume 15—No. 10

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, February 25, 1936.

\$1.00 A YEAR

From the Office of the Dean

Dr. Gipson has spent most of the week in the city, attending a convention of the Association of Deans of Women's Colleges, and corollary meetings. Lindenwood's Dean was a member of the program committee. One of the outstanding speakers of this convention was Dr. Marie Bentivoglio, a native Italian who was the first woman to receive a doctor's degree from the University of Oxford, and who has spent much of her life in Australia. Lindenwood was especially interested in her because she came to the college last Friday evening and gave an address at a faculty social meeting, on "Italy Today."

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, Feb. 25:

5 p. m., Music Students' Recital.

Wednesday, Feb. 26: Ash Wednesday.

11:45 a. m., opening Lenten services
Rev. R. W. Fay.

6:30 p. m., Y. W. C. A.

7:30 p. m., Alpha Tau Sigma meeting.

Thursday, Feb. 27:

11 a. m., Mrs. Emily Grant Hutchings, Assembly Address on Art.

Sunday, March 1:

6:30 p. m., Vesper Service, Rev. R. W. Fay.

Wednesday, March 4:

11:45 a. m., Lenten service, Rev. C. D. Howell.

Thursday, March 5:

11 a. m., Music Students' Recital.

Friday, March 6:

8 p. m., Musical Comedy.

Sunday, March 8:

6:30 p. m., Vesper Service, Rev. L. W. McColgan.

Tuesday, March 10:

5 p. m., Music Students' Recital.

Pi Gamma Mu Medal Contest

Rome wasn't built in a day—neither is the Pi Gamma Mu medal to be won at last moment's notice.

With various announcements being made of contests, it is well to keep in mind the requirements for such awards.

Pi Gamma Mu, social science fraternity, wishes to remind Lindenwood of the medal contest which it is conducting. This is a contest which sponsors continuous scholarship, as the medal will be awarded upon the basis of the greatest number of E and S grade points earned by a student in Grade II and Grade III courses in the social sciences this year.

Lists of rules are posted in Roemer Hall, one on the bulletin board outside of Dr. Gipson's office, and one on the bulletin board outside the auditorium. These lists give a summary of the general requirements of the contest and of the subjects included in the social sciences.

Seniors, juniors, and sophomores, all

Spain And The Navy

Musical Comedy Will Be Spectacular

Everyone's been running around learning lines, dances, making costumes, and just being generally busy for the last week or so and.....it's been rumored that all this preparation is for the annual Musical Comedy sponsored by the Phys. Dept. If you've never seen a Lindenwood musical comedy, you certainly have something in store.....Imagine seeing your best friend come on the stage all dressed up in masculine attire and start making love to some devastating blonde....how about it London? And can't you just see Val Jean tossing a mantilla around? That's just what you'll see if you go because "The Belle of Barcelona" has been chosen, his year. It is three acts all of which take place in Plaza del Rey, Barcelona, Spain. It takes place during La fiesta de les Toreros.....that last word means toreador, and you should see Alice Neal doin' her stuff along that line.

This is how the story goes. Louis de Monero is a wealthy plantation owner, played by Effie Reinemer, Lois Null is Gloria, his wife. Their two daughters are Margarita and Mercedes, played by Val Jean Aldred and Margaret Thompson respectively. Francis de la Vega, the chief inspector at the Custom House is the villain and Margaret Winder does this up beautifully. Emilio or Alice Neal is Mercedes' suitor and Don Juan (Charlotte York) and Don Jose (Joan Spangler) are his friends. Dona Marcella (Catherine Clifford) and Dona Anita (Myrna Huddleston) are Margarita's friends. Jane Bowman is Martha Matilda Ayres, an English governess. The hero is played by Randy or Lieut. Harold Wright who is a customs inspector from the U. S. Marie Louise Christensen plays the part of his friend, Patrick Malone.... I wonder how Chris' Irish is? And last but not least is Capt. Calton of the cruiser Montana played by Betty Butler. Do you know him Gowman?

Miss Stookey has charge of it. Miss Reichert is in charge of the cast, and Miss Gieselman and Miss Walker are directing the vocal parts.

There's going to be some grand dancing too. Helen Sempres, Catherine Clifford, Charlotte York, Camille McFadden, Mildred Rhoten, Joan Spangler and Myrna Huddleston.

It's going to be a grand show and you'll get a kick out of your friends and be proud of them too. So let's everyone save Friday night, March 6, for the Belle of Barcelona.

eligible for the contest, should check schedules by these lists and then decide to be the outstanding student in the social sciences this year. If one is a "doubting Thomas", ask Constance Osgood to show the medal she won last year and be convinced of the sufficiency of the award.

New Books To Read

Guide to the Best, Spoken by Head of English Department.

Dr. Gipson spoke at Y. W. C. A. meeting Wednesday, Feb. 12, on the topic, "Some Enthralling New Books, both Fiction and Non-Fiction that have Recently been Acquired in our Library."

Dr. Gipson spoke first of the new novel, *London at Home* by M. B. Hughes. It is a very good travel book, Dr. Gipson said, and contains the very essence of London. Another book mentioned in comparison was *The Art of Leisure* by Marjorie Barstow. The author tells how one may make life more comfortable by leisure time. This was highly recommended by the speaker. In direct contrast to the other two, Dr. Gipson spoke of Al. G. Barnes' latest novel *Master Showman*, giving the make-up of a well known circus.

In the non-fiction class David Cecil's *Lives of the Victorian Novelists*, and also A. Psychological Study which tells of the lives of the Bronte sisters, Emily and Charlotte, were spoken of.

There are several new political books that have been published recently. Donald Laird's new book, *What Makes People Buy* and Frederick Palmer's *The Man With a Country* were thought by Dr. Gipson to be well worth while. *The Man With a Country* has for its thesis "I have a country, but I am doing nothing for it politically."

Returning to some of the later novels, *Edna, His Wife*, Barnes; *Walk Humbly*, Barbara B. Stevens; *The Sound Wagon*, Stripling; *Walpole's Inquisitor*; *Old Home Town*, Rose Wilder Lane; *Blood Relation*, Phillip Gibbs; *Hands*, Charles Norris; *Thunder Over the Bronx*, Wodehouse; *Victorians and their Reading*, Galsworthy; and *Life of Sara Bernhardt*, Barry, were commended.

The talk was most interesting, and stimulated a desire to read some or all of the books mentioned. These books are all in the Lindenwood library.

High Distinction in Music

The girls who attend the symphony concerts in St. Louis will see an old friend, and former student of Lindenwood, Albertina Flach, who received her B. M. degree from the college in 1933, is now the second harpist in the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra.

For four years, Albertina was an outstanding student in the music department and was a member of the honor sororities, Alpha Mu Mu and Mu Phi Epsilon. She appeared on many programs given during her years at Lindenwood, most frequently as a pianist, but also as singer, harpist, solo dancer and player of many other musical instruments.

Since leaving Lindenwood, Albertina has studied with Madame Pompari, who is the solo harpist of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra.

Dr. Roemer Speaks

On Abraham Lincoln

Music and Readings Pay Tribute to the Birthday

Wednesday, February 12, was observed as Lincoln Day at Lindenwood and Dr. Roemer chose as the subject of his address, "The Unaccountable Man, Abraham Lincoln". The audience sang the hymn, "America" before the memorial service began.

The stage background was a large national flag. A portrait of Lincoln, draped with flags, was on the left side of the stage. Mr. Thomas played the piano accompaniments for the songs, and Miss Gieselman led the audience in the singing.

Ellen Ann Schachner read the famous "Gettysburg Address", before Dr. Roemer spoke.

Preceding the address, Dr. Roemer said that "Abraham Lincoln is the unaccountable man." He spoke of him as the "Jupiter of the Woods." Lincoln had no great family or social prestige; people are inclined to think of him as the "mystery of history."

"He is the most reverend American man, in all the world", he said. "He was a man who stood for the interests of humanity. Lincoln was a generous man and often pardoned the boys who failed in the line of duty. There was the instance of the farm boy who had fallen asleep while on sentry duty, and was sentenced to die. Lincoln pardoned him when he asked for another chance, and the boy became one of the most distinguished of the private soldiers, losing his life while saving a company of men."

"There are many stories told concerning the homeliness of Lincoln, and how on the advice of a little girl he grew a beard."

"Abraham Lincoln was reared on the Bible. He often said that it was not a matter of whether God was on his side, but a question of whether he was on God's side."

The closing song was "The Star-Spangled Banner".

Bible Contest Open;

Cash Awards For Essay

Is there any one who would be interested in a little cash-on-hand? There is? Don't crowd, please. Women and children first. It's a Bible Essay contest. First prize, \$25; second, \$15; and third \$10. That's certainly worth anyone's time.

See instructors in the English and Bible Departments and the college librarians for full particulars. The topic will be, "The influence of the Bible on the Style and Ideas of Abraham Lincoln, as Seen in his Political and State Utterances." This contest is open only to the three upper classes, and papers must be in the office of Miss Cook not later than Monday, May 25, at 5 o'clock p. m.

Read the Linden Bark.

Linden Bark

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by the Department of Journalism

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1936.

The Linden Bark:

Come with rain, O loud Southwester!
Bring the singer, bring the nester;
Give the buried flower a dream . . .

Robert Frost

George Washington From His Babyhood

A little over 200 years ago there was born in a fine aristocratic Southern home, a son. Now this son was no different than many other sons that are born every so many minutes. Of course his parents thought he was the finest baby ever. He was a very brilliant child when he discovered his feet; when he began to "goo", the family clustered around him and adored. No doubt there was much rivalry over whether his first word would be "Mama" or "Papa". As he grew to be older and his family and his exploits with his little hatchet and the cherry tree and later the breaking in of the colt had occurred, no doubt some of the neighbors or "town wags" remarked that "that boy's no different from many another, but his folks just think he is the grandest son that ever lived, well, they say that every old hen thinks her chick is the only chick", and so forth. Later these same people probably remarked at the inauguration of President Washington, "I always said he was a fine youngster, I knew he would grow up to be someone whom we could all be proud of." And so it goes.

Suggestions For The Lenten Season

Tomorrow is Ash Wednesday and with it begins the Lenten season. Lent is the period of forty days before Easter, during which time acts of mortification and self-denial, according to the teachings of the ritualistic churches, should be practiced in atonement for sins. The forty days is significant of the forty days' fasting, passion and death of Christ. It is a period in which thought and meditation should be given to the intense suffering and finally the crucifixion that the Son of God endured in order to redeem the human race. People of today should give the holy season more thought and realize their obligation toward it.

It is not a period in which people should see how royally they can entertain themselves, but is one of the few times when they may well put away their selfish motives and try to make reparation for their numerous offenses. Even though one may not follow strictly the ecclesiastical year, it harms no one to observe a season of serious reflection.

"I Could Not Love Thee, Dear, So Much, Loved I Not Honor More."

Much fault is found with Student Councils in general "because", say the students "the council members usually commit the same offenses for which they sentence others." Maybe this is true, but sometimes we find out that the student board is as fair as any court, and sometimes fairer. What judge of a court would, after sentencing a number of offenders for a very serious crime, turn around and condemn himself for that same crime committed a number of years before? Especially if he were quite sure it would never be known unless he himself admitted it? That is just what happened in a large university recently. It was discovered that test papers were being sold on campus and certain students were buying these papers and finding out the questions before the tests. Of course these students were making fine marks in school, some were even winning Phi Beta Kappa keys from this bought knowledge. The guilty students were brought before the student council, tried, and eighty-three of them were expelled. When the unsavory work was completed and the group ready to adjourn, the president arose and asked that he be tried on the same charge. The president was a senior, one of the best-liked students on the campus, but in his freshman year he had "cheated" on an exam, and now, even though no one would ever have known, he insisted on being tried. The council once more came to order, and this time it was their own president whom they expelled for an indefinite time.

How many students would make that great a sacrifice to satisfy their honor? But was it sacrifice? At the time it was, but in the future won't that president be one of the most admired students of his university?

Good Entertainers Among L. C. Musicians

Lena Hiller, a freshman from Malden, Mo., played the "Prelude and Fugue C Minor" from Bach and

"Etude de Concert, F Minor", Liszt, in the students' recital of February 11. Lena's playing was outstanding and was well received by the audience. She played with ease and a thorough understanding of her selections that

Thoughts From The International Relations Club

We cannot think of the Japanese aggression against China as an isolated bit of current news. It is a dynamic scene involving not only China and Japan, but Russia, the United States and Great Britain. In fact, no country is unconscious of its significance, although Germany, France, and Italy are far too concerned with their own affairs to give it much thought.

The question we may well ask is, "What is China going to do about it?" From what we read of the Chinese people the picture we get is of a rather happy, quiet, unresisting people whose very strength lies in this tranquility. Pearl Buck believes that before the Japanese can accomplish this conquest they must overcome this tranquil, humorous philosophy of the worth of life, which stands a chance of outwitting all their guns and education. She claims that the Japanese will be completely worn out by the persistent gaiety of these people even in the face of starvation.

To all appearances, this will be the only defense of the Chinese.

It looks as though China will do nothing to resist aggression. It is too late now. It is true that England and the United States made loud promises in behalf of China and the Open Door Policy. Today they protest, but ever so weakly. The United States recently voiced an apologetic reproach to Japan, but it seems evident that we are definitely staying aloof from any foreign entanglements. For that we may be thankful at least.

Perhaps, following the Japanese line of reasoning, China would be better off under their control. There would undoubtedly be great material improvement and intellectual reform. The Chinese have great need for an attack on the wide-spread illiteracy. Pearl Buck says that many Chinese today proclaim this fact stoutly. To this degree then, Japan is right in her efforts. Her motive is what we question, believing that it is purely selfish; but then, it would be difficult to name one nation that has shown altruistic motives in international relations. The key to a large part of our conflicts is nationalistic greed, and Japan is not the only guilty party.

The outcome, we cannot predict. We do know that it is up to China now. She must decide whether or not to resist Japan, and if so, what form the resistance should take. It will be interesting to follow the conflict through to a finish. What will be the effects on China in the long run?

was unusual in a young player.

Margaret Hull was the only soloist of the program. She sang "Knowest Thou the Land", (Beethoven), and "The First Violet", (Mendelssohn). Margaret's voice is clear and shows much promise.

Melba Combs, another freshman, played "Romance Op. 43 No. 2" (Shutt). Melba's selection was a difficult one and was handled in a competent manner.

"Sonata No. 1 E flat major" (Haydn), presented by Jean Brawner; Durine Riddle's "Prelude", by Mendelssohn; and "The Banjo Picker" (John Powell), rendered by Arabel Wycoff, were all played very well. "The Banjo Picker" especially delighted the audience with its novelty air.

The program was completed with two songs by the voice class ensemble, under the direction of Miss Walker. They sang "Faith, Hope and Love", by Shelley, and "Wynken, Blynken and Nod" by Nevins.

COLLEGE DIARY

By F. W.

Feb. 12: Today was Lincoln's birthday. There was a special chapel meeting and Dr. Roemer gave a talk on "The Unaccountable Man". Ellen Ann gave The Gettysburg Address much as Abe himself would have. At dinner the scene changed and we hopped ahead a few days and became little Valentines. It was the first hint of any such thing for this year, but I'd be willing to bet (if I were the gambling sort) that the campus will be flooded with "Won't you be mine" cards by Friday. What do you think?

Feb. 13: Thursday, but no chapel. The Knit-witters get that "yesterday's inch" finished and a good start on today's. It will be with a sigh of relief that we leave this school in June, for then the click, click, of needless won't haunt us. (The click, click of needles, and the click, click of someone else, eh Parrott?)

Feb. 14: My, my, my, and "good, goodness". Today Love is taking a holiday and visiting L. C. Such heart throbs, such sighs and moans! It was heard that Georganne Garner made one of the biggest hauls in History. Flowers, food, candy and many paper tid-bits. That's the way it is when you're a freshman. When you get to be an old lady like this kid, you get comic valentines. (But Harriett isn't very good in disguising her handwriting).

Feb. 16: A grand program in vesper services. I think the week-enders should be complimented, almost every one came back. It's that kind of co-operation that's appreciated around this place. I was a little afraid that we were going to have a traffic jam up here about 6:29 1/2 though.

Feb. 17: Dr. Miller began his lectures for the week. He is one of the most interesting men we've ever had the pleasure to listen to. If every one could have a philosophy of life like his we'd be a lot better off. Dr. Weeks spoke tonight on the outstanding books of 1935. He was both pleasant to listen to and to talk to. A surprising member of curiosity seekers mobbed him afterwards for autographs—the poor man!

Feb. 18: Have you noticed the weary looks on the faces of the Phys. Ed. majors? The musical comedy is coming and that means lots of hard work. I understand the Toe Ballet is seriously thinking of putting little crosses on the stage so they can get their "circle" perfect. It would seem that after one reaches a tender age of 19 or 20 to say nothing of 21 that she could almost guess at a circle when it was called for.

Feb. 19: This must have been "Bank day", by the line in the bank in Roemer. Fond papa must have had a change of heart.

Feb. 20: Much, much chapel today. We started out with a Oratory recital that was very good, and ended up with Dr. Miller. He gets better every day.

Feb. 21: The circus has come to town! Those hot dogs surely hit the spot! Thanks to Pi Gamma Mu. My fortune wasn't so good. how was yours? I don't think I'm going to like being a "feron Missionary". I think the A.A.A. should be congratulated, their act was grand. There were lots of others, and they were all good. You'll have to admit that the freshmen have originality!

Feb. 23: Miss Isidor, Miss Walker bices tonight. The talent in the music faculty gets better every year, and I think we should be awfully proud of them.

Feb. 24: Just another blue Monday. If this weather doesn't make up its mind we'll all be heading for South America.

IN THE OLD LACE SHOP

By Ann Bagnell

I had always wanted to enter that small lace shop on the corner, but up until to day I had had no occasion for doing so. Now, I wanted to buy some lace to trim my little niece's dresses. The shop was rather dingy and old looking on the outside, but after entering, I perceived an extremely neat interior with all the laces displayed in orderly rows. The proprietress hurried forward; she was a tiny old lady with her white hair neatly arranged. She asked what I wished to see, and I explained my desire. She hastened to bring forth some of her stock. Soon, we were friends. When I voiced the opinion that lace seemed most interesting, and that it must have an intriguing history, she offered to tell me some of its history. As I had the afternoon before me, I decided that I might as well spend it here, conversing with the sweet old lady.

"First," she said, "I want you to read a poem that I think you will like. I know I do." So she handed me a slip of paper on which appeared the poem. I liked it so well that I copied it down, and here it is:

"And here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn
Unfold its bosom, buds, and leaves,
and sprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully dispersed,
Follow the nimble fingers of the fair—
A wreath that cannot fade of flowers that blow
With most success when all besides decay."

After I had finished copying the poem, the old lady began to tell the history of lace.

"In almost any primitive and barbarous country, there is a desire for beauty in attire; this desire is responsible for the development of lace. Its beginnings were in the Coptic period, 2300 B. C. The first step is shown by the designs in the mummy, cases and hair and breast nets taken from the tombs of the Egyptians of this period. Even in America before the time of Columbus, the natives of Peru were making nets. Some of these nets were still preserved in the Peruvian graves. The Greeks and Romans ornamented togas and pep- lums with patterns. The clothing when new, needed no ornament, but when it grew frayed and worn, the threads were twisted and stitched together. Lace grew from this humble beginning.

"I see," she smiled, "that this is going to be a lengthy discourse. So I had better put some water on to boil in order that we may have tea later on."

She excused herself and went to the back of the store. However, she soon reappeared pushing a tea wagon upon which were all the essentials of a tea party. There was even an old brass alcohol burner over which to boil the water. She lighted the burner, and sat down.

"Now, while that water is getting hot, I'll go on with the discussion." She picked up a book lying on the table, and turned the pages as she said, "The earliest use of lace on record was in the ancient rule for English nuns dating from 1210, which reads:

"Make no lace (laz), but shape and sew and mend church clothes and poor men's clothes".

"Almost every language has a dif-

ferent word for lace. The English derived their word from *lacier* meaning to fasten, while the French use *passemant, dentelle, and guipure*. The Germans call their lace, *spitzen*; the Italians, *merletto* or *trina*; the Genoese, *pizzo*; the Spanish, *encaje*; the Portuguese, *fenda*; the Dutch, *kanten*; and the Flemish, *peerlen*.

"The different styles of lace may be roughly divided into the period in which they flourished. From 1480 to 1590 was the Geometric or Gothic period, while from 1590 to 1630 were the floral forms held by the brides. From this time until 1670 development and elaboration were constant with floral forms. The laces were embossed with figures, heads, scenes, and birds. Little bouquets, sprigs, sprays, flowers, leaves, buds, and dots were freely scattered over the grounds from 1720 to 1730.

"Lace was used for many purposes. It was employed for the robes of the church dignitaries, the saints and madonnas were hung with the choicest possessions of their devotees, and altars were draped with it. In burials and christenings it was also greatly employed. So much was lace used on baptismal robes that when the little daughter of a duke and duchess was christened, she fainted from the weight of her clothing. The mother observed her child's condition, but, not wishing to spoil the dignity of the occasion as the king and queen stood as sponsors, said nothing. When the archbishop handed the infant back to her mother, he remarked that she was the quietest child he had ever christened. Afterwards the poor baby died, never having recovered from the effects of the christening."

"My heavens!" I interjected, "How horrible!"

"Yes, wasn't it? I believe the water is boiling now, so we'll have a cup of tea."

She made the tea, and poured it. I tasted mine; it was the most delicious tea I had ever drunk, and told her so. She thanked me as she passed the little tea cakes.

"But," she said, sipping her tea, "the exorbitant use of lace was disapproved by some of the rulers. Stone altars in every parish church were decorated with lace, but in about 1565 Queen Elizabeth abolished the stone altars, and introduced tables standing on a frame. The old laces were taken from the churches, and appeared in the homes of those interested in the church. In this way, they were preserved. Queen Elizabeth wore a great deal of lace herself, but frowned on the use of it by others, and proclaimed against the exorbitant use of apparel. However, a large amount of lace was still worn by the great and their servants; although the masses of the English people could never indulge in the use of lace. The vanities of lace were sternly suppressed under Cromwell, but with the coming of the Stuarts, the laces were brought forth again. It was also in favor during the reign of Charles I. One entry alone in his wardrobe accounts, calls for 994 yards for twelve collars, twenty four pairs of cuffs, and again 600 yards was used for trimming the ruffs of his night clothes. However, by 1760 much less lace was used in masculine attire. Rich lace, which had been in daily use, was laid aside to be brought out only for great occasions.

"England has a very interesting history of lace. At first, the English imported most of their lace from Venice, Lucca, Genoa, and Flanders. Later, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, lace was made in the counties of England. Some lace of great beauty came to be made there.

"The establishment of the English lace industry was due to the influx

of continental refugees. The first were the Protestants from the Netherlands in 1563 who were fleeing from the terrors of the Spanish Inquisition. Many of the 'parchment lace' makers settled along the coast of Kent. Then in 1568 came the people from the Mechlin lace district; they settled in Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire, while, in 1572, came the French refugees who, during the time of the slaughtering of the Huguenots, fled to England. In the time of James II, many more refugees arrived in England after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Many of these were from the districts of Chantilly, Paris, Alencon, and Argentan. They brought with them the technique for which each district was famous.

"In 1635, the home lace industry was protected by the prohibiting of the importation of 'Peerles, Cutwork, or Bonelaces, or any commodities lace or edged therewith'. During the reign of George II, English laces were much more esteemed.

"I hope I'm not wearing you out by all this history, but, you see, lace is my hobby, and I spend much of my spare time reading up on it."

"You're not tiring me at all. In fact, you are being extremely entertaining."

"Then I shall continue. The arrival of Catherine de Medici, the Italian wife of Henry II, in France circulated the taste for lace in all classes. Everyone, be he rich or poor, squandered money on lace. It was lavishly used in England, but it was even more so in France. Lace was used for everything including handkerchiefs, jabots, collars, towels, sheets, which were trimmed or entirely made of lace and boots, garters, aprons, cuffs, and fallen bands which were garnished.

"During the reign of Henry III, Venetian and Genoese lace became so important for gentlemen to wear that a great deal of money went out of France into Italy, thus causing the native industry to languish. However, under the care and protection of Colbert, the French industry grew and prospered. The ladies tried to invent new ways of wearing it. Many uses of lace perished with the Revolution. However, its use was revived by Napoleon who had special laces made for his own and royal family's wear. The fall of Napoleon brought the close of a brilliant lace-making era in France. There was a slight revival at the coronation of Charles V, but hand-made lace industries were finally forced to give way to the popularity of machine-made lace. The French laces no longer retain their distinctive character and are hardly distinguishable from French-made Alencon.

"Wouldn't you have another cup of tea and some cookies?" inquired the old lady, peering over her glasses at me.

I readily acquiesced, and she continued with her story.

"Italy claims, and justly so, to be the birthplace of lace. In the eighteenth century Venice, at first, led in the development of lace by needle, but was soon outstripped by Genoa, where lace was made with bobbins; also famous for its Bobbin lace was Milan. The early Venetian laces were flat, and not until 1640 did the raised points appear.

"Italian lace-makers were being drawn into France, during the time of Louis XIV, to make lace there; they carried with them their technique. This was bad for the Italian industry, so Italy, in order to stop this immigration, issued laws which threatened the lace-maker who made lace in a foreign country to imprison his closest kin. Then if he did not return, to send an emissary to kill him. After his death, his kinsman was to be freed. Italy to-day is still one of the

leading lace-making countries of the world.

"Belgium will always stand pre eminent in the art it developed. Lace-making was a thriving industry by the latter half of the sixteenth century. The classification of Belgian laces is first, the laces of Brussels and Brabant, second, those of Flanders, third, those of the Mechlin and Antwerp district, and fourth, the products of Valenciennes and their prototypes which are the laces of Binche.

"Since we are interested in the United States, it would be well to bring out a few facts about its lace industry, although it is not one of the leaders in this field. The prohibition of the wearing of lace in the early American colonies was a drawback to the growth of the lace industry. However, there was a large quantity of lace worn in the more lantient colonies, such as Virginia and Carolina. To-day Ipswich, Massachusetts, is the most important place where lace-making is carried on to any extent. There are about seven thousand workers in this country and the work is mainly carried on in the home. The workers are paid by the piece, and receive very small wages, although the American wages are 300% higher than those of the French. The whole family usually helps in the work, thus creating child labor. The lace industry is well protected in the United States, although in July of this year there was a movement for a tariff cut. But it was violently opposed. Practically all the lace made in the United States is machine made."

She poured me another cup of tea, and passed the cakes again. Then she produced a big box. After she opened it, I saw all kinds of beautiful laces.

"There are many different varieties of lace," she continued, extracting a piece of lace. "The main varieties are Alencon; real Alencon is rarely seen in the stores and is very expensive. This is Argentan and this is Binche of which museums have pieces dating back two or three hundred years. Here is some Briton and some Bruges. Perhaps you remember the Belgian town of that name celebrated in Longfellow's poem. These are Brussels net, Buratts, Carrickmacross, Chantilly, Cire, and Cluny which is very inexpensive because a great deal of it is made in China, being introduced there by the missionaries. These samples are Duchesse, Filet, Crochet (Irish), Mahines, Tulle, Margot, Mechlin, Milan, Point d'Esprit, Point De Paris, Princess lace, Renaissance, Rose Point, Spanish, Torchon, Valenciennes, and Point Venise."

She put the box away.

"Lace was first made by machinery in the latter half of the eighteenth century. The first machine was based on Lee's stocking machine, being modified to produce net by Strutt and Frost. Almost all of the varieties of the modern lace are both machine-made and hand-made. The machine-made is more popular because it is less expensive, but nothing can compare with a piece of well made hand-made lace."

"I hope I haven't bored you", she said as she ended her narration.

"Not at all," said I. "Quite to the contrary, you have given me a knowledge of lace that I did not possess before, I must hurry for it is getting dark. But first, I'd like ten yards of Princess lace. I think it will look lovely on my niece's dresses."

She measured it off and wrapped it up. I paid for it.

"I can't tell you how much I have enjoyed this afternoon."

I closed the door and hurried down the street, but first stopping to look back at the little shop with the feeling of great satisfaction over an afternoon well-spent.

EARLY DAWN

By Jean Taggart

Locust branches bend and dip,
Touch against my finger tip;
Stillness drips from pungent air,
Splashes silence everywhere;
Shadows change to gossamer,
Slowly lift and then demur.
Tinsel shimmers on the lawn.
Timidly I greet the dawn.

THOUGHTS OF PUDGY

By Ruth Jane Allen

Pudgy looked forlornly at the departing figure of his mistress. She was cruel to leave him alone again. Every morning she left as soon as she was up. Every noon she left as soon as she had washed her hands. All the intervening time he spent by himself contemplating the blue bedspread on which he rested. There was no help for it. Alice had placed him there, and there he would stay until Alice moved him. That was the worst of being a stuffed dog. To Pudgy life was dull and uneventful in the daytime.

His only pleasure lay in thinking of the evening. Then, he would be in his element. The room was always filled with girls, and there was always one who would ruffle his fur and scratch his ears. Of course he couldn't show his appreciation, as one of the flightier friends of his mistress had worn out the squeak of his tail, but he tried his best to convey his thanks through his small glass eyes.

Then, lately, he'd had some new experiences. One girl who always rubbed his ears, had taken him to a "feed". The food had looked simply "elegant". Those were the words of Jean. Pudgy had felt rather badly about not being able to eat any of the cake until he heard Bettie say that it was going to make her fat. Then, he was relieved, because it would certainly have made him even "pudgier" if he'd eaten any. He got absolutely no exercise.

This led to another grievance. He hated his name. It was such a senseless thing to be called. Why, he'd die of mortification if the other dogs back in the store ever heard about that. To be sure, Alice had told him his real name was Malcolm, but after all, what was the use of having a good name if people called you by a silly nickname?

Then, there was the bow around his neck. It was too big and floppy, and it was too tight. Everyday Alice or Eleanor retied it and very decisively jerked it tighter. Did they have no human instincts? Oh, his life was hard. Yet, every night when those girls got back, one of them said, "Oh, to be Pudgy and sleep all day." What a silly girl. She didn't know.

Pudgy stared more intently at the bedspread. He decided to go to sleep, so he shut his eyes.

WOMAN, THE CHANGEABLE

By Helen Wiley

Woman! that ruler of men and mother of the world! As Shakespeare has said:

She did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, Power breathe forth.—

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale

Her infinite variety."

The world is made up of appearances, for everyone likes to appear as he wishes others to see him. Sometimes there is great difficulty in obtaining physical change; there is considerable expenditure toward that end; there is much time devoted to that problem—years, were it all condensed into a single period.

Let us deal with physical perfection

which we assume Shakespeare refers to. The change, or variety, is started at an early age. That perfection first receives attention at the age of about seven years. Mother uses as her first step in perfection of her daughter the modern permanent wave. We are led to wonder sometimes if this particular "defect", straight and wiry hair, is overcome by that medium. Perhaps it satisfies and answers that particular problem for the time being. At intervals of not more than and sometimes not less than six months apart, the young lady in question is kept presentable with a mere permanent wave until she reaches that "at-death's-door" age of sixteen. Attention is divided then between the hair and the face, with weekly applications of wave set and facial treatments. Daughter's fingernails, too, begin to claim attention. Variety, Shakespeare? Ah, yes! Would Milady wish dainty pink fingernails and toe nails, or does she wish to go about flashing carmine polish that so surely outlines all nails, be they regular or irregular in shape? It is a shame that this preparation should be so transparent and so able to emphasize defects and imperfections.

Milady considers her eyes. Are they too large? Proper application of eye-shadow will remedy that. Or perhaps they are too small? A deft stroke of an eye-brow pencil will fix that, too. Are her eye lashes as long as the heroine's of the current movie? It's to the drug store for you, Milady, and there to purchase long, expertly curled lashes that are so easily applied.

And about her "shape"—do her hips form a pleasing and stylish curve? Is she a bit overweight, according to Vogue's measuring stick? A glance through any popular magazine will reveal absolute aid for such a condition, or if the ailment is the reverse—too little weight—the same remedy, altered only in application, may prove equally effective.

What! Milady has worn her hair a straw-color, now, for a year? Henna, bleaches, dyes of any color, will change that, too. A short hour in a beauty parlor will so change Milady that her own family will scarcely know her.

Her clothing must, as well as her body, be up-to-the-minute in every detail. The sheerest of hose, the smallest shoes, the tightest dress and the "cockiest" hat are most essential. A fur coat, kid gloves, and a unique purse complete the outfit.

With all those aids, how could a woman help but "make defect, perfection"? No, "age cannot wither her," for as long as there are beauty and style shops, and woman is able to get to them, she will continue to maintain her "infinite variety."

THE YELLOW GOD OF THE WEST

By Ethel Burgard

Down near the river's edge, where the trickles of water run back and forth across the pebbly bank, a wandering band of gypsies pitched their tents one evening. The sun was setting behind an overhanging cloud-bank of an off-yellow-grey shade, which over-cast the western part of the sky.

One of the men, a stalwart fellow, jumped down from the driver's seat of the lead wagon, and signaled the rest of the caravan off the old highway to the shaded glen near the river. As the members of the tribe dismounted and began their numerous duties, the chief, a grizzled old man, after casting a puzzled look of inquiry toward the sky, turned about and muttered a rapid command in his native language to one of the younger men standing near. The young man listened to what the old man was saying, and as

the chief finished, he jumped upon a newly-hewn log and gestured toward the ominous yellow sky.

Pausing, as for effect, he shouted for the attention of all the members of the band, and as soon as their attention was captured, he beckoned toward the leader of the tribe, who shook himself visibly before beginning:

"Comrades, it is long since this tribe has enjoyed other than evil fortune, and seldom the grace and blessings of the gods. Tonight, however, I, your chief for many long years, feel that an even worse evil is about to befall us. The curse, sworn against us by our enemies of the West, will wreak its vengeance upon us. Look, yonder in the western sky, the great yellow god of greed and hate is spreading out his treacherous fingers. I fear that unless our people drive the tent-stakes deep into the earth, and fasten all our possessions tightly to the wagons, all will be blown away. Let us lend our hands, and remain close together, ere the night deepens, lest the yellow god send down a great wind, which will destroy us."

A frightened mumbling followed the crowd, as it broke into smaller groups of scurrying people, hurrying to complete the setting up of the tents and other small tasks. By the time night had fallen, all the tasks were finished, and in the center of the ring of tents, a blazing fire leaped toward the sky. After the evening meal, the gloom of the band was somewhat lifted, and they turned to singing and dancing to the sweet strains of violin music.

The old chief, however, still kept an eye on the sky, which was massed over with great dark clouds. A low wind began to whine through the trees, and a whispering sound, caused by the swish of the water lapping against the pebbled bank, echoed through the camp. A momentary silence fell over the group, as the sound was borne to the ears of all those gathered; then a hearty gust of wind descended with violence upon the gypsies. The fire was blown about, some of the burning sticks of wood sizzling as they were dropped by the angry wind into the now turbulent river; other pieces were hurled into the midst of the people, the tents, and some were even carried high into the sky, brilliant torches of defiance, to be tossed gayly into the grassy glade where the horses were tethered. Tumult fell upon the camp. The small fires and sparks blown about by the wind rapidly united into a great encircling fire which threatened to hem the gypsies in on all sides. The young men and women, however, spurred on by the commands of the older men, gathered the camp equipment into the wagons, and pushed them into the shallow waters of the river. Here also, the horses were herded together, and guarded by the young men. The other women and children banded together at the water's edge and handed dampened blankets to the men, who fought valiantly to put out the fire, which spread rapidly through the glen. The fight after weary hours was successful, and by early morning, the fire was conquered.

Soberly the tired men looked over the ashes and the remains of a tent which had been overlooked in the rush of the night. Within the tent were the charred bodies of two persons. A startled cry arose from the group, for the bodies were those of the old chief and his faithful wife. Evidently the wind had knocked the tent over, and the old leader and his wife had been trapped in it while going back for some possessions.

As the sun came up behind a mass of misty white fog which hung over the river, the funeral procession slow-

ly wound its way down the bank to the new grave near the river's edge, and, after a brief ceremony, made its way back to the camp, accompanied by the wailing strains of the violins. The gypsies somberly gathered their belongings into the wagons, and once more turned toward the east, leaving behind them the west, out of which had come the disastrous misfortunes of the night before.

The water now trickles by, and sometimes over, the little mound of ground which indicates the resting place of the old chief and his wife who believed too deeply in the evil powers of the yellow god of the west.

SONNET

By Jean Taggart

The house stands there as steadfast
as before.
The weather-worn tan sides against
the brown
Now—faded cornice—splintered,
rough-hewn crown—
Stand straight and smooth. It does
not show it bore
The heat of summers, winter's winds
that tore,
The cares and hardships of four generations
down
To us. The chimneys straight and
strong, the brown,
Worn roof have been in storms. And
as before,
The house stands staunch, unswerving
in belief,
Its purpose resolute, unshaken; yet
It will not question aged truths, forget
The winds brought to it happiness and
grief,
But feeling its unquestioned strength,
we grope,
And waver with each flimsy trial and
hope.

THE AFTER-EFFECTS

By Martha Louise Malcolmson

"I enjoyed your party so much,
dear. It was charming as usual."

"I've had such a delightful evening.
Everything was lovely."

"The refreshments were marvelous,
my dear."

"Oh, and those sweet little cakes."

And thus the expressions continue, until each guest makes her little speech and departs, while I stand with a forced smile upon my weary face, and reply politely with the customary remarks as they file out. At last they are gone, and I close the door, not forgetting to lock it for the night. The clock bongs one stroke, but I am too fatigued to notice whether it is one, or one-thirty. I survey the living room: chairs pulled out of place, the rug turned up in one corner, a stain from a wet glass on the mahogany end-table, overflowing ash trays, and ashes crushed into the carpet. I wander wearily into the dining room: an unsightly table covered with empty glasses, messy plates with half-eaten food, and more cigarette ashes. Then I enter the kitchen where the table is stacked with dirty dishes, and the sink is full of soaking utensils. I finally make my way upstairs, my feet dragging heavily. I take one look at the bathroom: crumpled guest towels, an unsightly wash bowl, and still more ashes, straggly hair, and uneven make-up surrounding a nose which shines like a beacon light. I enter the bedroom: the spreads are mussed from the weight of coats, a pair of gloves are on the floor, two wads of kleenex lie beside the wastebasket, powder is sprinkled freely over the dressing table, and loose hair is still clinging to the comb. What to do about it? Let's turn out the lights and go to bed.

Equestrienne

It's been lots of fun sleigh riding during all this snow and ice but everyone will be happy when it thaws enough to get out, at least to the paddock. There's no place prettier when it's coming spring than our rides out Drousty road and down along the river.

Bet Lady Fritz will be glad when she can bring Diana out. Diana's her new seven year old bay mare and is she a beauty, and can she jump? (I mean the horse does the jumping and Lady looks awfully nice up) Can you think of anything more perfect than having a grand hunter and an entire new tack presented to you? Lucky Lady!

Reckon you've all heard about Bonny Chief, sired by good old Laddie, 'member, the colt Mr. Napron's had out in the country? Dame Rumor has it, no, it's better authority than that . . . that Bonny Chief is coming in 'fore long. Who's going to break her? Your guess is as good as mine, but I for one sure want to be there for the fun.

Mr. Dupron says he's ordered some real riding weather and if it's not to your liking be sure and see him, anyway here's to some bigger and better rides.

valentine's Day in a Girl's School

"Does anyone want some candy?" (Yes, we had the same idea about killing those people.) Valentine's Day only comes once a year—and we offer a little prayer of thanks for that but it's unusual to us because an overwhelming sense of generosity seems to blossom forth in people who have kept this trait such a dark secret all this time. Just how many pounds of candy were around here, no one cares to estimate, but we've been so good about dieting this past week, we hate to think about it, anyway.

Of course the home-town slaves of love were represented by other things, too. Cupid no doubt sat up several nights thinking up ways for the aforementioned to be impressive. We'll give him credit for some mighty good thoughts, though, and even if we never want to see candy again, we did enjoy the flowers.

"Gracie" Parrott had some lovely ones, and "Babe" did well by our Marie, too, with those pretty spring posies.

Maurine Potlitzer was sighing over a basket-full of roses and a special delivery, and Betty Milburn wasn't at all displeased with her telegram, even if the signature was a mistake.

We discovered that lots of people have brothers, too, who turned out to be much nicer than we thought they were when we left them at home. Harriett Pipkin and Maxine Elsnor come in for a big share in this class.

The mob in the post-office is a horror to mention again, and the excitement over the various shapes, sizes, and contents of envelopes and packages made it a most eventful day. And, incidentally, did everyone see that HUGE heart-shaped box of candy Joan Spangler got? We hope the Siblevites are still on their feet this week.

All this excitement and enthusiasm was preceded by a lovely Valentine dinner Wednesday night. Each girl had a Valentine at her place, and the table decorations were carried out to suit the occasion. After much chicken, rolls, and ice cream, we sang school and popular songs as long as the pianists would hold out. We don't think the introduction of Saint Valentine's Day was a bad idea at all.

ON THE SLOOTH

(Vinchell)

Now listen, my kiddies, and you shall weep
You'll never be married if you're asleep.

It seems it has come to the attention of see-all, know-all Vinchell, that a certain young lady living on the third floor of Irwin has a terrible habit of sleeping until 9 o'clock. This young lady is engaged to be married. Now what will her poor husband do then, poor thing? No coffee, no oatmeal, no nice burned toast. How does she expect him to make a living on an empty stomach? Vinchell may be a hard-hearted old fellow, but when he thinks of that starving man, he almost weeps a tear of remorse. You better start getting up for breakfast, Betty.

And right on the tail of this sorrowful bit of news, comes the glad tidings that "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles" has returned, unattached from the land of the movie stars. I thought there was a windstorm, but I guess it was just one of the Ayresites heaving a sigh of relief.

While I'm speaking of that dreaded Ayres, St. James Infirmary came through with another letter last week. I'm not awfully sure we can stand this much longer!

There was a young lady in Nicolls that certainly took Valentine's day seriously, she received a diamond one day, and proceeded to forget to wear it the next. But then maybe she's like a lot of others around here, just shy about those little things.

From Butler Hall we get the astonishing news that Silvia Lipp is working under the direction of a very good looking doctor. Maybe that's what you call "case work" but Vinchell has another name for it.

From Sibley the report has come to us that there is a great demand for more substantial chairs in the parlors. Tsk, Tsk, when greater Chair Breakers are made, Doris Lee and Billie will no doubt know where to find them.

The best is always left to the last, and here it is. Vinchell's eyebrows went up a full quarter of an inch (they won't go any higher) when it was heard the freshmen in Nicolls were returning to their childhood. It seems there are three young sophisticates who originated the idea of playing parlor games with their dates on Sunday night. "Spin the milk bottle" and "post office" were in much evidence. I thought Lindenwood was a College for Young Ladies, but maybe I have it mixed up with some day nursery.

Well, I'll close. Keep up the love light going and for heaven's sake, poooooo something! I'm wearing myself out. By now!

Five Bible Talks

Lindenwood Observes the Week of Prayer.

[Dr. Edmund F. Miller took as his theme for Student Prayer Week, several characters in the Bible and showed incidents in their lives which would throw some light on our modern life.

Monday, he took Paul and showed that his failure in Athens was due to the fact that he ceased to be himself. He tried to be a philosopher like the Greeks and they laughed at him. Had he used his natural intellectual strength, as he did in Corinth, he would have been successful. Dr. Miller said, "What we need in religion today is reality. Much of the unhappiness today is because we fail to be ourselves and to accept our own life

pattern. We should be ourselves, not at our worst, but at our best."

Tuesday, Dr. Miller used Timothy to illustrate an inferiority complex. Timothy was timid and shrinking, the kind the others could walk over. He had been overshadowed by his mother and had the great disadvantage of being a half-breed. It seems as though the Bible characters are too far above us ever to pattern after them, but Dr. Miller said, "We are all made of the same stuff. What they became is due to the fact that they put themselves into the hands of Christ. What we need is to forget ourselves in the lives and needs of others." Christ said, "Whosoever loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

Wednesday, Annas, the money changer and the high priest, was taken as an exact opposite to Christ. He had, as his philosophy, of life to "take all that he could get", whether honestly or not, while Jesus' ultimate philosophy was to give all and take nothing. Annas by living for what he could get received the contempt of the world, while Jesus won the undying devotion of everyone. Our happiness today consists of having something to live for to lift ourselves. Happiness is in the great spiritual ends for which we live.

Thursday, Dr. Miller showed by the life of the patriarch Joseph, how he suffered through the cruelty of his brothers but that he forgave them when they came to him for help.

Friday, King Saul was taken as an example of throwing away every chance he had. He ignored God and this led to his downfall. David gave himself into the hands of God and was successful.

THE WORLD THROUGH THE EYES OF A COCKROACH

By Eleanor Roodhouse

My philosophy of life is simple; eat, drink, and scurry, for tomorrow we die. (This is not only my creed but that of our whole pessimistic race. Born in fear, schooled in dread, and dying an unending death, we have no alternative.

An one observes us, he will see the surface serenity. We have our home life, which we neglect as much as possible, for there really are some swanky night clubs in Cellar-land. We teach our children the swiftest and easiest way of getting food (untainted by poison) from the highest shelves; and, on winter nights, we have get-togethers with choice refreshments. Yet below this gaiety, fears and worries disturb and influence our lives. What seems to be a flurry of excitement in every undertaking is really a swiftness gained through centuries of persecution. Our excellent schools are the result of experiences costly to our numbers. And our weekly socials are planned primarily to determine how many are missing from our ranks. Underlying all these petty worries is the ever present fact that we don't know where we're hurrying or why we're hurrying. For when a cockroach dies, he has no hope of immortality.

I am consoled by the thought that we are not alone in our perplexities. I am told that the queer race of humans are a great deal like us. Outwardly, they are gay, spending their time in pleasures similar to ours, hurrying in an already beaten race because they are afraid to drop out.

Inwardly, these Superior Beings are questioning, "Where does the course go, and must the pace be so fast?"

They are afraid to reach the finish and die just as we are, although they have promises and divine assurances. Are they any better off in their skyscraper civilization than we in our cellar barbarities?

WHO'S WHO?

She is one of the most popular girls on the campus, and has more bersonality than she knows what to do with. She is a member of the senior class and lives on third floor Sibley. On Saturday nights she usually attends the symphony—she is a violin student this year—at least that is what she says. Since you must have a hint, she is the owner of the portable victrola that draws people like a magnet to hear "Stormy Weather", and "Sugar Blues". Besides all this she is a sentinel of the French Club and a member of the Triangle Club.

Problem of Prayer

Y. W. Assists in Annual College Day of Prayer Service

Rev. Dr. T. S. Smylie, pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, St. Louis, was the speaker at the vesper services Sunday evening, Feb. 16, sponsored by the Y. W. C. A., on the annual Day of Prayer for Students.

The call to worship was led by Margaret Taylor, president of the Lindenwood College Y. W. C. A., and the invocation given by Dr. Case.

Following the anthem, "Prayer", by Hamblen, Jean Kirkwood, president of the Student Association, gave the scripture reading.

Before the sermon Ruth Pinnell sang "He that Dwelleth in the Secret Place", by McDermid. Following this solo Dr. Roemer introduced Dr. Smylie.

Dr. Smylie's subject was, "A Straight Look at a Baffling Problem", the problem of prayer and answer to prayer.

Dr. Smylie said, "Jesus teaches God is anxious to give good things to his children. God is anxious to hear our prayers and He is to be depended upon. Prayer releases God's power into the lives of men. Whatever difficulties may stand in the way, our God is a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God. God wants to answer our prayers. Your own righteousness may or may not have anything to do with it."

God's answer to prayers is contingent upon certain definite laws, according to Dr. Smylie. He cannot answer a prayer unless it is in keeping with the weaving out of the plans of His eternal will. The prayer must fit into the good of all mankind and into the individual's highest good and largest welfare before God will answer it.

In conclusion Dr. Smylie said, "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. God wants to answer. Do not be discouraged, but believe, trust, rely, and He will speak into your heart peace, and into your soul courage."

Dr. Roemer offered a prayer of dedication, followed by the recessional.

Can Type 118 Words Per

Mr. Chester Soucek, traveling for the Underwood Company, visited Lindenwood January 22, to give a demonstration. He is "the world's amateur typing champion." In this student demonstration in the commercial (business) department he showed how valuable rhythm is to the typist by imitating the average typist. Mr. Soucek also gave his "warming up" exercise which he calls "the sewing machine exercise". As he increases his rate the sound closely resembles that of a sewing machine as it begins to whirl.

Mr. Soucek typed 118 words per minute.

Sidelights of Society

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer. Dr. and Mrs. Stumberg, and Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Null were guests of Dr. Lucinda Templin, former dean of Lindenwood and Miss Florence Jackson, a college lecturer, at dinner at the Statler Hotel, Wednesday night.

Miss Gordon, head of Lindenwood's dramatic art department, attended several of the lectures of the National Association of Teachers of Speech which met in Chicago during the Christmas holidays. There were some 800 delegates from all over the United States, representing many colleges and institutions. The convention met for four days during which time many well known authorities on speech lectured.

The Commercial Club held a meeting in the Y. W. C. A. parlors on Monday, February 10, at which the president, Ruth Howe, presided. Three interesting papers were read and discussed, being presented by Mary Morton Watts, Lorene Mabry, and Thelma Riske.

Plans were made for the annual social event of the Commercial Club, a trip into St. Louis. Further business was discussed and the members agreed to take part in the Y. W. C. A. circus.

Catherine Siemer and Helen Schelosky spent the week end of February 15 visiting friends at the Delta Delta Delta sorority house, Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind.

Sarah Margaret Willis spent a recent week end with friends at Stephens College in Columbia.

Dorothy Funk visited at her home in Vincennes, Ind., the week end of February 15.

Mary Spain Usrey and Jane Dudley spent last week end with Mary Buesch at her home in Belleville, Ill.

Martha Perry and Peggy Hollands were the week-end guests of Virginia Jaeger.

Ruth Howe attended a reunion of her high school graduating class the week-end of the 21st.

Jane Bowman's mother is visiting her, having arrived from Montana last Wednesday.

Jane Holbrook spent last week-end visiting at the Kappa Kappa Gamma House in Columbia, the guest of Betsy Sherman, a student at Lindenwood the past two years.

Freshmen's Own Contest

Examination for the Dorothy Holtcamp Badgett Bible contest will take place May 23 in Roemer Hall. The contest is open only to freshmen. The examination will be written and will consist of memory passages and an essay on the Book of Esther. Prizes of \$25, \$15, and \$10 will be given to the members of the freshman class taking the first three places. The awarding of the prizes will take place on Commencement Day. All freshmen interested are invited to consult further with the head of the Bible department, or with instructors in the English department.

Come Out On March 6.

Much Enthusiasm Over Jooss Ballet

Forty girls went to see the famous Jooss Ballet the night of February 11. Many "Oh's" and "Ah's" are emitted when the girls are asked about it. "It was perfect; It was just grand; you really should have seen it", were frequent remarks. Sue Johnson was raving about the number called "A Ball in Old Vienna". It seems that she liked the jealous queen.

Helen Sempres "loved it", but one wonders whether or not she was speaking of the ballet or of the naps she took on the way in and back. She's a wizard, though, when it comes to sleeping: just ask Jane.

The costumes were made in England and were exquisite. Some of the art students went, it is said, just to see them. There was little toe dancing as the Jooss ballet dancers believe in adhering strictly to their title. Most of the girls felt that the risk of slippery roads was small compared to the enjoyment they received from the ballet.

Seven New Pledges

The Kappa chapter of Kappi Pi, the national art fraternity, has announced seven new pledges. The girls who have met the requirements are: Thelma Gaunt, Dorothy Green, Rene Kiskadden, Marguerite Raymer, Betty Bogenschulz, Gracia Lou Arnold, and Betty Boles.

Pleasing Interpretation Of Lindenwood College

The new catalogs and view books for next year are to be sent out from Mr. Motley's office soon. The book of campus scenes has some very lovely pictures, depicting the familiar beauty of Lindenwood, and campus activities. The first picture shows Roemer Hall and following this are the various dormitories. Interior views of class rooms with students at work, and student's rooms showing the girls at their leisure, add much to this interesting booklet. The library, the Music Hall, and the Tea Room are all discussed in picture form, and the numerous pictures of athletics, dancing, and theatrical work present a natural interpretation of the wide scope of activities at Lindenwood.

Accompanying the pictures throughout are several written explanations and descriptions, and valuable mesmer and Dr. Gipson. We are proud of this new book and pleased with the excellent photography that does justice to the beauty of our campus.

LYNN WOOD DICTATES

By H. J.

Dorothy Parrott has been wearing the cutest knit! It is of a coral color and fastens around the neck with a tie of a loose knit. It is two-piece and the skirt is just plain. Parrott looked awfully nice when she got all dressed up in it about the second night she was back. Click, click!

I'm sorry to have to mention you Vi, but your tan knitted sweater is really striking. It comes below the waist-line and a dark brown belt is worn around the waist. It stands up around the neck and fastens with two wooden buttons on each shoulder. But we mustn't tarry too long here.

Everybody keep a look-out for a powder blue sweater, knit two, pearl two, the back and front is finished and the sleeves are being per-knitted now. You'll see it flittin' around campus before long, and it really is a work of art.

Lindenwood Girls Advancing

Miss Allyn, head of the Commercial department, has had several letters from former students of recent years, telling her of advancements in positions and increases in salary.

A long letter was received from Alice Rice Davis, '32-'33, in which she writes of her position as Deputy Circuit Clerk of Ray County. Part of her job is to type permanent records of all the court proceedings. She has the court docket to compile, keeps the cash book and the fee book, and makes out the Criminal Court bills. This is her first position and she is very happy to be given so much responsibility and writes her thanks to Miss Allyn for her careful training. Alice took a long trip this summer through the west and visited thirteen different states while she was gone. She closed her letter with the wish that she might be able to come to the Lindenwood House Party this June.

Evelyn Johnson, '31-'32, is now attending the New York University School of Retailing at New York.

Virginia Levy, '31-'32, is now a secretary with the Bell Telephone Company of Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Stella Louise Fischer, '32-'33, writes to Miss Allyn that she is on a trip in the south and is enjoying the sunshine, the beautiful palms, and the tropical moon of Florida. She expects to return home by way of New Orleans for the Mardi Gras.

Terry Blake is working in St. Louis for the Federal Land Bank.

Louise Bella Stokes of Remington is still interested in her work with Mutual Insurance Company of Remington, Indiana. She is very much interested in having her sister attend L. C. next year.

Bigger, Better Pictures With Other 1936 Attractions

And now that all the proofs are back, and all the pictures ordered, and the editor has quit tearing her hair and raving, a little word about the annual. The 1936 Linden Leaves will be bigger and better than ever.

The cover is white leather, gold embossed, and the Ex Libris is hand bronzed on the fly sheet. The views are new, and very good, for they were taken by Alexander Piaget, the best in the west. The arrangement is different, with photographs and snapshots and views scattered throughout the book, rather than being grouped in one place. And there are lots of them, for this book is a picture book. There is scarcely any writing in it.

There is more room given to the faculty, and there are larger pictures of the students. The Queen section is somewhat enlarged. And to get a little more technical, there are no borders, no gutters, but rather bleeds and rules. (Now don't try to find out what those things are. . . It really doesn't matter and we just put them in his story to mystify you.) In fact the whole layout is one that is simple in design and feeling.

We think you're going to like this book with its many pictures and its gold and buff colors. There will be an opportunity for you to buy copies any time between now and May, but there is a somewhat limited supply, so first come, first served. We know from past experience that along about May 15 when everyone else is issuing proudly from the lower hall with a Linden Leaves grasped tightly around the middle—you'll want one too.

Why Not Try For A Prize.

Occupations For Women

Several interesting articles appeared on Dr. Schaper's bulletin board last week in regard to occupations for women.

"A Creed of Work for Women", by Laura Drake Gill, contained the following declaration:

"I believe that every woman needs a skilled occupation developed to the degree of possible self-support. She needs it commercially, for an insurance against reverses; socially, for a comprehending sympathy with the world's workers; intellectually, for a constructive habit of mind which makes knowledge usable; ethically, for a courageous willingness to do her share of the world's work; and aesthetically, for an understanding of harmony relationship as determining factors in conduct and work."

Another article appeared in chart form, giving a lengthy list of vocations for college women. A woman according to this opinion should be able to answer the following questions before choosing her vocation: "What personal traits are demanded in this occupation? What preparation is required? What are the advantages of the occupation? What are the disadvantages? Is there a social demand for this work? Is the demand for workers equal to the supply of workers?"

A newspaper article concerning a speech given by Miss Charl Ormond Williams of Washington, president of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women, contains some worthwhile information. Miss Williams lists the assets and liabilities of business women, and explains the purpose of the Federation, which is to make the economic position of women more secure and more remunerative than it is now.

Missed In Dining-Room

All of the girls were very sorry to hear that Leah May passed away Wednesday, February 12. She had been ill for the past two weeks with pneumonia and was taken to St. Joseph's Hospital Tuesday night. Leah May had served loyally at Lindenwood for six years. She was very highly esteemed by the girls and will be sadly missed by all.

Yellow Cab Co.
Phone 133

STRAND THEATRE

TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY

James Cagney—Pat O'Brian

in

"CEILING ZERO"

THURSDAY

Aline MacMahon—Basil Rathbone

in

"KIND LADY"

Dolores DelRio—Warren William

in

"WIDOW FROM MONTE CARLO"

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Jean Parker—Herbert Marshall

in

"IF YOU COULD ONLY COOK"